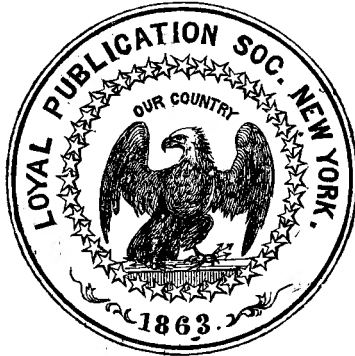


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SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'
PATRIOTIC SONGS.



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SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'

PATRIOTIC SONGS AND HYMNS.*

THE TWELFTH OF APRIL, A.D. 1861.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

CAME the morning of that day,
When the God, to whom we pray,
Gave the soul of Henry Clay
To the land;
How we loved him—living, dying!
But his birthday banners flying,
Saw us asking and replying,
Hand to hand,

For we knew that far away,
Round the fort in Charleston bay,
Hung the dark impending fray,
Soon to fall;
And that Sumter's brave defender
Had the summons to surrender
Seventy loyal hearts and tender—
That was all.

And we knew the April sun
Lit the length of many a gun—
Hosts of batteries to the one
Island crag;
Guns and mortars grimly frowning,
Johnson, Moultrie, Pinckney, crowning,
And ten thousand men disowning
The old flag.

Oh! the fury of the fight
Even then was at its height!
Yet no breath, from noon till night,
Reached us here;
We had almost ceased to wonder,
And the day had faded under,
When—the echo of the thunder
Filled each ear!

Then our hearts more fiercely beat,
As we crowded on the street,
Hot to gather and repeat
All the tale;
All the doubtful chances turning,
Till our souls with shame were burning,
As if twice our bitter yearning
Could avail!

Who had fired the earliest gun?
Was the fort by traitors won?
Was there succor? What was done
Who could know?
And once more our thoughts would wander
To the gallant, lone commander,
On his battered ramparts, grander
Than the foe.

Not too long the brave shall wait:
On their own heads be their fate,
Who against the hallowed State
Dare begin;
Flag defied, and compact riven!
In the record of high Heaven,
How shall Southern men be shriven
For the sin?

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LAY down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now:
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls: away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track:
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;

* Selected by permission from the "Lyrics of Loyalty," and "Songs of the Soldiers," edited by Frank Moore.

His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind; stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and borne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim
He rises all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand
And glorious must their triumph be.

T IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Oh! it is great for our country to die, where
ranks are contending;
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory
awaits us for aye—
Glory that never is dim, shining on with light
never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never,
away!

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How
softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears
of his love,
Yet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him
with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn bright where
he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend who
for country hath perished;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him
there with her smile;
Here, at the banquet divine, the patriot-spirit
is cherished;
God loves the young who ascend pure from
the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious
river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue,
rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted
for ever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise,
valiant, and free.

Oh! then how great for our country to die—in
the front rank to perish,
Firm, with our breast to the foe, Victory's
shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our
memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased
the sweet music to hear.

THROUGH BALTIMORE.

THE VOICE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

'Twas Friday morn, the train drew near
The city and the shore:
Far through the sunshine, soft and clear
We saw the dear old flag appear,
And in our hearts arose a cheer
For Baltimore

II.

Across the broad Patapsco's wave,
Old Fort McHenry bore
The starry banner of the brave,
As when our fathers went to save,
Or in the trenches find a grave,
At Baltimore.

III.

Before us, pillared in the sky,
We saw the statue soar
Of Washington, serene and high—
Could traitors view that form, nor fly?
Could patriots see, nor gladly die
For Baltimore?

IV.

"O city of our country's song,
By that swift aid we bore
When sorely pressed, receive the throng,
Who go to shield our flag from wrong,
And give us welcome, warm and strong,
In Baltimore!"

V.

We had no arms; as friends we came,
As brothers evermore,
To rally round one sacred name,
The charter of our power and fame:
We never dreamed of guilt and shame
In Baltimore.

VI.

The coward mob upon us fell:
McHenry's flag they tore:
Surprised, borne backward by the swell,
Beat down with mad, inhuman yell,
Before us yawned a traitorous hell
In Baltimore!

VII.

The streets our soldier-fathers trod
Blushed with their children's gore;
We saw the craven rulers nod,
And dip in blood the civic rod —
Shall such things be, O righteous God!
In Baltimore

VIII.

No, never! By that outrage black,
A solemn oath we swore,
To bring the Keystone's thousands back,
Strike down the dastards who attack,
And leave a red and fiery track
Through Baltimore!

IX.

Bow down, in haste, thy guilty head!
God's wrath is swift and sore:
The sky with gathering bolts is red —
Cleanse from thy skirts the slaughter shed,
Or make thyself an ashen bed —
O Baltimore!

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Country, marvel of the earth!
O realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear —
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!"
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?"
No, sullen groups of shadows, No!

For now, behold the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save —
That mighty arm which none can stay —
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Don't stop a moment to think, John,
Your country calls — then go;
Don't think of me or the children, John,
I'll care for them, you know:
Leave the corn upon the stalks, John,
Potatoes on the hill,
And the pumpkins on the vines, John —
I'll gather them with a will.
But take your gun and go, John,
Take your gun and go,
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can use the hoe.

I've heard my grandsire tell, John,
(He fought at Bunker Hill,)
How he counted all his life and wealth
His country's offering still.
Shall we shame the brave old blood, John,
That flowed on Monmouth Plain?
No! take your gun and go, John,
If you ne'er return again.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

Our army's short of blankets, John,
Then take this heavy pair;
I spun and wove them when a girl,
And worked them with great care.
There's a rose in every corner, John,
And there's my name, you see;
On the cold ground they'll warmer feel
That they were made by me.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

And if it be God's will, John,
You ne'er come back again,
I'll do my best for the children, John,
In sorrow, want, and pain.
In winter nights I'll teach them all
That I have learned at school,
To love the country, keep the laws,
Obey the Saviour's rule.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

And in the village church, John,
And at our humble board,
We'll pray that God will keep you, John,
And heavenly aid afford;
And all who love their country's cause
Will love and bless you too,
And nights and mornings they will pray
For Freedom and for you.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

And now good-by to you, John —
I cannot say farewell;
We'll hope and pray for the best, John;
God's goodness none can tell.

Be His great arm around you, John,
 'To guard you night and day;
 Be our beloved country's shield,
 Till the war has passed away.
 Then take your gun and go, etc.

ONLY NINE MILES TO THE JUNCTION."

WRITTEN BY H. MILLARD,

COMPANY A, SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

TUNE—*The other Side of Jordan.*

The troops of Rhode Island were posted along
 On the road from Annapolis Station,
 As the Seventy-first Regiment, one thousand
 strong,
 Went on in defence of the nation.

We'd been marching all day in the sun's scorch-
 ing ray,

With two biscuits each as a ration,
 When we asked Gov. Sprague to show us the
 way,

And "How many miles to the Junction?"

Thorus—How many miles, how many miles,

How many miles to the Junction?

When we asked Gov. Sprague to show
 us the way,

And "How many miles to the Junc-
 tion?"

he Rhode Island boys cheered us on out of
 sight,

After giving the following injunction:

Just keep up your courage—you'll get there
 to-night,

For 'tis only nine miles to the Junction."

They gave us hot coffee, a grasp of the hand,
 Which cheered and refreshed our exhaustion.
 We reached in six hours the long-promised
 land,

For 'twas "only nine miles to the Junction."
 Only nine miles, etc.

and now as we meet them on Washington's
 streets,

They always do hail us with unction,

and still the old cry some one surely repeats,

"'Twas only nine miles to the Junction!"

Three cheers for the warm-hearted Rhode Island
 boys,

May each one be true to his function,

and when'er we meet, let us each other greet,
 With "only nine miles from the Junction."

Only nine miles, etc.

Three cheers for the flag under which we will
 fight,

If the traitors should dare to assail it;

We cheer for each mile we made on that night,

When 'twas "only nine miles to the Junc-
 tion."

With hearts thus united—our breasts to the
 foe—

Once again with delight we will hail it;

Duty should call us, still onward we'll go,

If even "nine miles to the Junction."

Only nine miles, etc.

NORTHMEN, COME OUT!

DEDICATED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

(Air—*Burschen' heraus!*)

NORTHMEN, come out!

Forth unto battle with storm and shout!

Freedom calls you once again,

To flag and fort and tented plain;

Then come with drum and trump and song.

And raise the war-cry wild and strong:

Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

The foe is waiting round about,

With paixhan, mortar, and petard,

To tender us their Beau-regard;

With shot and shrapnel, grape and shell,

We'll give them back the fire of hell:

Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

Give the pirates a roaring rout;

Out in your strength and let them know

How Working Men to Work can go.

Out in your might and let them feel

How Mudsills strike when edged with steel:

Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

Come like your grandsires stern and stout;

Though Cotton be of kingly stock,

Yet royal heads may reach the block;

The Puritan taught it once in pain,

His sons shall teach it once again:

Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

Forth into battle with storm and shout!

He who lives with victory's blest,

He who dies gains peaceful rest.

Living or dying, let us be

Still vowed to God and Liberty!

Northmen, come out!

PRO PATRIA.

INSCRIBED TO THE SECOND NEW-HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

THE grand old earth shakes at the tread of the
 Norsemen,

Who meet, as of old, in defence of the true;

All hail to the stars that are set in their banner!

All hail to the red, and the white, and the
 blue!

As each column wheels by,

Hear their hearts' battle-cry—

It was Warren's—'Tis sweet for our country
 to die!

II.

Lancaster and Coos, Laconia and Concord,

Old Portsmouth and Keene, send their stal-
 wart young men;

They come from the plough, and the loom, and
the anvil,
From the marge of the sea, from the hill-top
and glen.
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry —
It was Warren's — 'Tis sweet for our country
to die!

III.

The prayers of fair women, like legions of
angels,
Watch over our soldiers by day and by
night;
And the King of all glory, the Chief of all ar-
mies,
Shall love them and lead them who dare to
be right!
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry —
It was Warren's — 'Tis sweet for our country
to die!

MARCH !

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn Winter dies;
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise :
March !

By streams still held in icy snare,
On Southern hill-sides, melting bare,
O'er fields that motley colors wear,
That summons fills the changeful air :
March !

What though conflicting seasons make
Thy days their field, they woo or shake
The sleeping lids of Life awake,
And Hope is stronger for thy sake ;
March !

Then from thy mountains, ribbed with snow,
Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
And East and West, and to and fro,
Proclaim thy coming to the foe :
March !

Say to the picket, chilled and numb,
Say to the camp's impatient hum,
Say to the trumpet and the drum:
Lift up your hearts, I come, I come !
March !

Ory to the waiting hosts that stray
On sandy sea-sides far away,
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
Where Southern March is Northern May,
March !

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
Where Glory's victor-eagles poise
Above the proud, heroic boys
Of Iowa and Illinois:
March !

Then down the long Potomac's line
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine —
"Advance! the Chieftain's call is mine:
"MARCH!"

KISS ME, MOTHER, AND LET ME GO.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

HAVE you heard the news that I heard to-day?
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again, they say,
And breakers threaten the good old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again,
To strike, in her name, at a dastard foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men;
I would be one, mother. Let me go.

The love of country was born with me;
I remember how my young heart would thrill
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich red flood;
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know;
Would you have me shame the brave old blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its stars and stripes, and its field of
blue,
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defied,
And trampled upon by the rebel crew.
And England and France look on and sneer,
"Ha! queen of the earth, thou art fallen low!"
Earth's down-trod millions weep and fear;
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning Southern skies,
Our brothers languish in heart-sick pain,
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;
O mother! say, shall they turn in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there, one by one?
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,
Refusing this smallest tithe to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys
Beloved as yours to the battle-field?
Can you see my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the needful blow?
Not so, though your heart should break with
pain,
You will kiss me, mother, and let me go.

A MOTHER'S ANSWER.

"I HAVE KISSED HIM, AND LET HIM GO."

He's my own boy, and this is my plea:
Perhaps it is foolish and weak;
But mothers I'm sure will have pity on me,
And some word will tenderly speak.
The light of my home — my tears fall like
rain —
Is it wonder I shrink from the blow —
That my heart is crushed by its weight of pain!
But I've kissed him, and let him go.

There are some, I know, who feel a strange pride
 In giving their country their all—
 Who count it a glory that boys from their side,
 In the strife are ready to fall.
 But I, sitting here, have no pride in my heart;
 (God forgive me that this should be so!)
 For the boy that I love the tears still start,
 Yet I've kissed him, and let him go.

Last night, with soft steps, I stole to his bed
 As oft in childhood I'd done;
 On his pillow I bowed my poor, stricken head
 Till out of the east rose the sun.
 His dreams were of me; for he turned in his
 sleep,
 And murmured, "Dear mother!" so low,
 I bit my pale lips lest they'd cowardly speak:
 "O my darling! *I can't let you go!*"

This morning I blessed him; I stifled my pain;
 I bade him be true to his trust;
 To stand by the flag till his country again
 Should raise its proud head from the dust.
 I knew by the light in his beautiful eyes,—
 By his face with true courage aglow—
 He'd fight to the last. I choked back my sighs,
 While I kissed him, and let him go.

But oh! sitting here, this desolate day,
 Still there comes no feeling of pride;
 But one knows my need, and to Him will I
 pray—
 I can trust Him whatever betide.
 And if he shall fall—(O faint heart! be still!)
 I know he will soften the blow,
 And I yet may feel a patriot's thrill
 That I kissed him, and let him go.

SECESSION.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO GEN. BEAUREGARD.

The sun's hot rays were falling fast,
 As through a Southern city passed
 A man who bore 'midst rowdies low,
 A banner with the strange motto—
 Secession!

His brow was sad; his mouth beneath
 Smelt strong of fire at every breath:
 And like a furious madman sung
 The accents of that unknown tongue—
 Secession!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral gallows shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan—
 Secession!

"Try not that game!" Abe Lincoln said,
 "Dark lower the thunders overhead;
 The mighty North has been defied."
 But still that drunken voice replied—
 Secession!

"Oh! pause!" the Quaker said, "and think
 Before thee leaps from off the brink!"
 Contempt was in his drunken leer;
 And still he answered with a sneer—
 Secession!

"Beware the pine-tree's bristling branch!
 Beware the Northern avalanche!"
 And that was Scott's restraining voice;
 But still this was the traitor's choice—
 Secession!

At close of war, as toward their homes
 Our troops as victors hurried on,
 And turned to God a thankful prayer,
 A voice whined through the startled air—
 Secession!

A traitor by a soldier keen,
 Suspended by the neck was seen,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with this strange device—
 Secession!

There to the mournful gibbet strung,
 Lifeless and horrible he hung;
 And from the sky there seemed to float
 A voice like angel's warning note—
 Secession!

THE ZOUAVES' BATTLE-SONG.

BY J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT.

Onward, Zouaves, Ellsworth's spirit still leads
 us;

Onward, Zouaves, for our country still needs us;
 Onward, Zouaves, for our banner floats o'er us;
 Onward, Zouaves, for the foe is before us.

Chorus—Onward, Zouaves,
 Do nothing by halves,
 Home to the hilt with the bay'net,
 Zouaves.

Onward, Zouaves, for the foe hath defied us;
 Onward, Zouaves, we have brave men to guide
 us;

Let the sunlight and moonlight, from bayonets
 glancing,
 Tell the foe the vanguard of the North is ad-
 vancing.

Onward, etc.

Onward, Zouaves, till we break down oppression;
 Onward, Zouaves, till we crush out secession;
 We've shown them our friendship is honest and
 true,
 We'll show them our wrath can be terrible too.
 Onward, etc.

Onward, Zouaves, for our bugles are clanging;
 Onward, Zouaves, the assassins need hanging;
 No longer we'll bear with their rapine and wrong,
 Their guilt makes them weak while our cause
 makes us strong.
 Onward, etc.

Onward, Zouaves—when the struggle is ended,
 Homeward we'll carry the flag we've defended;
 Home, where our dear ones will greet with ca-
 ressings;
 Home where our country will greet us with bless-
 ings.

Onward, etc.

Onward, Zouaves, till the traitors are punished;
Onward, Zouaves, till the treason bath vanished;
Onward, Zouaves, till once more in communion,
O'er the North and the South floats the flag of
our Union.

Onward, etc.

SKEDADDLE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Southern village passed,
A chap who bore, not over-nice,
A banner with the odd device,
Skedaddle!

His hair was red; his toes beneath
Peeped, like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened voice he sung
A burden strange to Yankee tongue
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire, where he
Might warm his tod or hominy:
Beyond the Cordilleras shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Skedaddle!

"Oh! stay," a cultured pusson said,
"An' on dis bosom res' your hed!"
The Octoroon she winked her eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Skedaddle!

"Beware McClellan, Buell, and Banks,
Beware of Halleck's deadly ranks!"
This was the planter's last good-night;
The chap replied, far out of sight,
Skedaddle!

At break of day, as several boys,
From Maine, New-York, and Illinois,
Were moving southward, in the air
They heard these accents of despair,
Skedaddle!

A chap was found, and at his side
A bottle, showing how he died,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the odd device,
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight, thick and gray,
Considerably played out he lay;
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice fell, like a rocket-stick,
Skedaddle!

UP AND AT THEM.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Up and at them
Once again!
Freemen, up! the way is plain,
At the traitors once again!
Let not brief reverses daunt us;
Let no craven fears assail;

Treason's banner now may taunt us
In the fierce but fleeting gale;
But the time again will come,
When again that flag shall cower
And the boasting voice be dumb,
Shouting now its little hour!
Up and at them.
Freemen, then, the way is plain!
At the traitors once again!

Up and at them
Once again!
Madmen! fiercely though ye drain
War's red chalice, it is vain!
Never shall ye rend asunder
Freedom's flag of stripes and stars;
Freedom guards it with her thunder;
Down will smite your thing of bars;
Down your wretched counterfeit;
In her roused and sacred rage,
She will tear and trample it!
Holy is the war ye wage!
Up and at them!
Freemen, then, the way is plain;
At the traitors once again!

Up and at them
Once again!
Though we bleed in every vein,
At the traitors once again!
By the nation's ancient story,
By the deeds of other days,
By our hopes of future glory
By the deep disdain or praise,
That our action now awaits,
As we yield or dare the strife;
Let us, through all adverse fates,
Swear to guard the nation's life!
Up and at them!
Freemen, then, the way is plain;
At the traitors once again!

THE UNION!

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

"LIBERTY and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"
W. G. STREAR

I.

THE Union! The Union! The hope of the
free!
Howsoever we may differ, in this we agree:
Our glorious banner no traitor shall mar,
By effacing a stripe, or destroying a star!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would
sever!

II.

The Union! The Union! 'Twas purchased
with blood!
Side by side, to secure it, our forefathers stood:
From the North to the South, through the
length of the land,
Ran the war-ery which summoned that patriot
band!

Division! No, never! The Union for ever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would
sever!

III.

The Union! The Union! At Lexington first,
Through the clouds of oppression, its radiance
burst:

But at Yorktown rolled back the last vapory
crest,
And, a bright constellation, it blazed in the
West!

Division! No, never! The Union for ever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would
sever!

IV.

The Union! The Union! Its heavenly light
Cheers the hearts of the nations who grope in
the night—

And, athwart the wide ocean, falls, gilding the
tides,

A path to the country where Freedom abides!
Division! No, never! The Union for ever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would
sever!

V.

The Union! The Union! In God we repose!
We confide in the power that vanquished our
foes!

The God of our fathers—oh! still may He be
The strength of the Union, the hope of the
free!

Division! No, never! The Union for ever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would
sever!

BATTLE-SONG OF THE FIFTY-FIRST.

The following is the Battle-Song of the Fifty-first Regiment of New-York, sung by them as they approached the coast of North-Carolina.

SAY, Rebels, will you meet us,
Say, Rebels, will you greet us,
Say, Rebels, will you beat us,
On North-Carolina shore?
In the name of God we'll meet you,
With the sword of God we'll greet you,
By the grace of God we'll beat you,
And treason punish ever,
On North-Carolina shore;
Singing glory, hallelujah,
Singing glory, hallelujah,
Singing glory, hallelujah,
To God for evermore!

With the sword of "Jeff" you meet us,
In the name of "Jeff" you greet us,
In Treason's cause to beat us,
On North-Carolina shore:
But our flag shall float for ever,
And our Union none shall sever,
And treason punish ever,
On North-Carolina shore.

Oh! then, glory, hallelujah,
Oh! then, glory, hallelujah,
Oh! then, glory, hallelujah,
To God for evermore!

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

RALLY round the flag, boys—
Give it to the breeze!
That's the banner we love
On the land and seas.

Brave hearts are under it;
Let the *traitors* brag;
Gallant lads, fire away!
And fight for the flag.

Their flag is but a rag—
Ours is the *true* one;
Up with the Stars and Stripes—
Down with the new one!

Let our colors fly, boys—
Guard them day and night;
For victory is liberty,
And God will bless the right.

ON! BROTHERS, ON!

BY SARAH WARNER BROOKS.

Air—*Hail to the Chief.*

ON! brothers, on! for the flag that is peerless!
Striped from the rainbow, and starred from
the sky.

On, with a sturdy step! dauntless and fearless!
On, to unfurl it in triumph, or die!

Hopored in all the lands,
Now shall unholy hands
Trail it, defiled and despised, in the dust?
Down with the "traitor's rag!"
Up with the starry flag!

Death for our banner! and God for the just!

Fiercely at Sumter have thundered their cannon!
Bravely the guns of our hero replied!—

On! for the ashes that slumber at Vernon!
On! for the city whose name is our pride!
Now let our country's guns
Sweep down the bastard sons!
Woe for her chivalry's flower in the dust!
Down with the "traitor's rag!"
Up with the starry flag!

Death for our banner! and God for the just!

On, with a prayer! there is peril before us!
On, in the face of death, fearless and proud!
Life! with the flag that our fathers waved over
us!

Death! with its crimson-stained folds for a
shroud!

Now for our "fatherland,"
Strike with true heart and hand!
Loyal our venture—and heavenward our
trust!

Down with the "traitor's rag!"
Up with the starry flag!
Death for our banner! and God for the just!

"I FIGHTS MIT SIGEL!"

BY GRANT P. ROBINSON.

I MET him again, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling;

He'd "Blenkered" these dainties, and thought
 it no wrong,
 From some secessionist's dwelling.
 "What regiment's yours? and under whose flag
 Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder;
 Turning slowly around, he smilingly said,
 For the thought made him stronger and bolder,
"I fights mit Sigel!"

The next time I saw him his knapsack was gone,
 His cap and canteen were missing,
 Shell, shrapnel, and grape, and the swift rifle-
 ball
 Around him, and o'er him, were hissing.
 "How are you, my friend, and where have you
 been,
 And for what, and for whom are you fighting?"
 He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
 Sent his arm and his musket a "kiting:"
"I fights mit Sigel!"

And once more I saw him and knelt by his side;
 His life-blood was rapidly flowing;
 I whispered of home, wife, children, and friends,
 The bright land to which he was going;
 "And have you no word for the dear ones at
 home,
 The 'wee one,' the father or mother?"
 "Yaw! yaw!" said he, "tell them! oh, tell them
 I fights!"—
 Poor fellow! he thought of no other—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

We scraped out a grave, and he dreamlessly
 sleeps
 On the banks of the Shenandoah River;
 His home or his kindred alike are unknown,
 His reward in the hands of the Giver.
 We placed a rough board at the head of his
 grave,
 "And we left him alone in his glory."
 But on it we marked, ere we turned from the
 spot,
 The little we knew of his story:
"I fights mit Sigel!"

ON GUARD.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

In the black terror-night,
 On yon mist-shrouded hill,
 Slowly, with footsteps light,
 Stealthy and grim and still,
 Like ghost in winding sheet
 Risen at midnight bell,
 Over his lonely beat
 Marches the sentinel!

In storm-defying cloak—
 Hand on his trusty gun—
 Heart, like a heart of oak—
 Eye, never-setting sun;
 Speaks but the challenge-shout,
 All foes without the line,
 Heeds but to solve the doubt,
 Watchword and countersign.

Campward the watchfires gleam
 Beacon-like in the gloom;
 Round them his comrades dream
 Pictures of youth and home.
 While in his heart the bright
 Hope-fires shine everywhere,
 In love's enchanting light
 Memory lies dreaming there.

raint, through the silence come
 From the foe's grim array,
 Growl of impatient drum
 Eager for morrow's fray
 Echo of song and shout,
 Curse and carousal glee,
 As in a fiendish rout
 Demons at revelry.

Close, in the gloomy shade
 Danger lurks ever nigh—
 Grasping his dagger-blade
 Crouches the assassin spy,
 Shrinks at the guardsman's tread,
 Quails 'fore his gleaming eyes,
 Creeps back with baffled hate,
 Cursing his cowardice.

Naught can beguile his bold,
 Unsleeping vigilance;
 E'en in the fire-flame, old
 Visions unheeded dance.
 Fearless of lurking spy,
 Scornful of wassail-swell,
 With an undaunted eye
 Marches the sentinel.

Low, to his trusty gun
 Eagerly whispers he,
 "Wait, with the morning sun
 March we to victory.
 Fools, into Satan's clutch
 Leaping ere dawn of day:
 He who would fight must watch,
 He who would win must pray."

Pray! for the night hath wings
 Watch! for the foe is near;
 March! till the morning brings
 Fame-wreath or soldier's bier.
 So shall the poet write,
 When all hath ended well,
 "Thus through the nation's night
 Marched Freedom's sentinel."

OUR COUNTRY AND HER FLAG.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

TUNE—*Gaudeamus igitur*; or, *Ein freies Leben
 führen wir.*

I.

WE do not hate our enemy—
 May God deal gently with us all;
 We love our land, we fight her foe,
 We hate his cause, and that must fall.

II.

Our country is a goodly land,
 We'll keep her alway whole and hale;

We'll love her, live for her, or die ;
To fall for her is not to fail.

III.

Our Flag! The Red shall mean the blood
We gladly pledge; and let the White
Mean purity and solemn truth,
Unsullied justice, sacred right.

IV.

Its Blue, the sea we love to plough,
That laves the heaven-united land
Between the Old and Older World;
From strand, o'er mount and stream, to
strand.

V.

The Blue reflects the crowding stars,
Bright union-emblem of the free;
Come, all of ye, and let it wave—
That floating piece of poetry.

VI.

Our fathers came and planted fields,
And manly law, and schools and truth ;
They planted self-rule, which we'll guard
By word and sword, in age, in youth.

VII.

Broad freedom came a.ong with them
On history's ever-widening wings ;
Our blessing this, our task and toil ;
For "arduous are all noble things."

VIII.

Let Emp'ror never rule this land,
Nor fitful crowd, nor senseless pride ;
Our master is our self-made law,
To *him* we bow, and none beside

IX.

Then sing and shout for our free land,
For glorious Freeland's victory ;
Pray that in turmoil and in peace
Freeland our land may ever be.

X.

That faithful we be found and strong
When History builds as corals build ;
Or when she rears her granite walls—
Her moles with crimson mortar filled

THE MASSACHUSETTS LINE.

BY ROBERT LOWELL.

Air—*Yankee Doodle*.

I.

STILL first, as long and long ago,
Let Massachusetts muster ;
Give her the post right next the foe,
Be sure that you may trust her.
She was the first to give her blood
For Freedom and for Honor ;
She trod her soil to crimson mud,
God's blessing be upon her !

II.

She never faltered for the Right,
Nor ever will hereafter ;
Fling up her name with all your might,
Shake roof-tree and shake rafter.
But of old deeds she need not brag,
How she broke sword and fetter ;
Fling out again the old striped flag,
She'll do yet more and better.

III.

In peace her sails fleck all the seas,
Her mills shake every river ;
And where are scenes so fair as these,
God and her true hands give her ?
Her claim in war who seek to rob ?
All others come in later—
Hers first it is to front the mob,
The tyrant and the traitor.

IV.

God bless, God bless the glorious State,
Let her have way to battle !
She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
Or where thick rifles rattle.
Give her the right, and let her try,
And then, who can, may press her ;
She'll go straight on, or she will die,
God bless her ! and God bless her !

DUANESBURGH, May 7, 1861.

THE SWORD, FLAG, AND PLOUGH.

Air—*Red, White, and Blue*.

I.

UNSHEATHED is the sword of the nation !
Baptized in the blood of the brave,
The blade shall be Freedom's salvation
To break the last bond of the slave.
From river and mountain and valley,
Goes upward the patriot's vow,
And the legions of Liberty rally,
To follow the Sword, Flag, and Plough.
Cho.—To follow the Sword, Flag, and Plough,
To follow the Sword, Flag, and Plough ;
And the legions of Liberty rally
To follow the Sword, Flag, and Plough !

II.

Unfurl the Free Banner wherever
The dawns of victory gleam,
And perish the traitor's endeavor
To darken fair Liberty's dream !
The echoes of triumph are ringing
Where heroes are conquering now,
And the valor of Freedmen is bringing
Success to the Sword, Flag, and Plough !
Success to the Sword, Flag, and Plough,
Success to the Sword, Flag, and Plough ;
And the valor of Freedmen is bringing
Success to the Sword, Flag, and Plough !

III.

The Sword is the last liberator
The Angel of Justice has sent,
And freemen were false to their nature
To rivet a chain that is rent !

The heart of a people rejoices,
 The symbol of treason must bow,
 And a chorus of jubilant voices
 Hurrah for the Sword, Flag, and Plough!
 Hurrah for the Sword, Flag, and Plough!
 Hurrah for the Sword, Flag, and Plough!
 And a chorus of jubilant voices
 Hurrah for the Sword, Flag, and Plough!
 A. M. I.

BANNER-SONG OF THE INDIANA
 ELEVENTH.

BY MRS. S. E. WALLACE.

Air—*Flag of Our Union.*

A song for our flag,
 A song for our band,
 A song for the brave and the free!
 The motto we wear,
 United we stand,
 Tried and true comrades are we.
 United in heart,
 United in hand,
 A Union that time cannot sever.

Chorus—A shout for our flag,
 A shout for our band,
 Honor and Freedom for ever.

Unfurl the old flag,
 Let it float far on high;
 The chorus exulting ascend;
 While one star remains
 We conquer or die,
 By the banner we dare to defend.
 No cowardly heart,
 No traitorous hand,
 Mars the Union that Time cannot sever.
 A shout for our flag, etc.

Where'er it may wave,
 Our own standard-sheet,
 By mountain, or river, or sea,
 We press on the march
 With unwearied feet,
 While the gleam of its starlight we see.
 Here's to our friends,
 A health and a hand,
 Remembrance that time cannot sever.
 A shout for our flag, etc.

We're all for the North,
 For the South, too, we are,
 United, unchanged, evermore;
 No Palmetto flag
 For us—no lone star,
 But the Stripes and the old thirty-four.
 Keep step to the song,
 Be it right, be it wrong,
 No State can the Union disserve;
 Hurrah for the Stripes!
 Hurrah for the Stars!
 The Union, the Union for ever!

HARVARD STUDENT'S SONG.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

(*Denkst du daran.*)

REMEMBER ye the fateful gun that sounded
 To Sumter's walls from Charleston's treacher-
 ous shore?

Remember ye how hearts indignant bounded
 When our first dead came back from Balti-
 more?

The banner fell that every breeze had flattered,
 The hum of thrift was hushed with sudden
 woe;

We raised anew the emblems shamed and shat-
 tered,
 And turned a front resolved to meet the
 foe.

Remember ye, how forth to battle faring,
 Our valiant ranks the fierce attack with-
 stood,

In all the terrors of the tumult bearing
 The people's heart of dauntless lionhood?
 How many a hand forsook its wonted labor,
 Forsook its gains, as prizes fallen in worth,
 To wield with pain the warlike lance and sabre,
 To conquer Peace with God, for all on earth?

Remember ye, how, out of boyhood leaping,
 Our gallant mates stood ready for the fray;
 As new-fledged eaglets rise, with sudden sweep-
 ing,
 And meet unscared the dazzling front of
 day?

Our classic toil became inglorious leisure,
 We praised the calm Horatian ode no more
 But answered back with song the martial
 measure
 That held its throb above the cannon's roar.

Remember ye the pageants dim and solemn,
 Where Love and Grief have borne the funeral
 pall?

The joyless marching of the mustered column,
 With arms reversed to Him who conquers
 all?

Oh! give them back, thou bloody breast of
 Treason,

They were our own, the darlings of our
 hearts,

They come benumbed and frosted out of sea-
 son,

With whom the summer of our youth de-
 parts.

Look back no more! our time has come, my
 brothers!

In Fate's high roll our names are written
 too;

We fill the mournful gaps left bare by others,
 The ranks where Fear has never broken
 through.

Look, ancient walls, upon our stern election!
 Keep, echoes dear, remembrance of our
 breath,

And gentle eyes and hearts of pure affection,
 Light us, resolved to Victory or Death!

TRUMPET SONG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE battle-drum's loud rattle is rending the air,
The troopers all are mounted, their sabres are bare;
The guns are unlimbered, the bayonets shine,
Hark! hark! 'tis the trumpet-call! wheel into line!

Ta ra! ta ta ta!
Trum trum, tra ra ra ra!
Beat drums and blow trumpets!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

March onward, soldiers, onward, the strife is begun,
Loud bellowing rolls the boom of the black-throated gun;
The rifles are cracking, the torn banners toss,
The sabres are clashing, the bayonets cross.
Ta ra, etc.

Down with the leaguings liars, the traitors to their trust,
Who trampled the fair charter of Freedom in dust!
They falter—they waver—they scatter—they run—
The field is our own, and the battle is won!
Ta ra, etc.

God save our mighty people and prosper our cause!
We're fighting for our nation, our land, and our laws!
Though tyrants may hate us, their threats we defy,
And drum-beat and trumpet shall peal our reply!
Ta ra! ta ta ta!
Beat drums and blow trumpets!
Trum trum, tra ra ra ra!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

PUT IT THROUGH.

COME Freemen of the land,
Come meet the last demand!
Here's a piece of work in hand;
Put it through.

Here's a log across the way,
We have stumbled on all day,
Here's a ploughshare in the clay:
Put it through!

Here's a country that's half free,
And it waits for you and me,
To say what its fate shall be:
Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains,
While one spot its banner stains,
One link of all its chains:
Put it through!

Hear our brothers in the field,
Steel your swords as theirs are steeled,
Learn to wield the arms they wield:
Put it through!

Lock the shop and lock the store,
Chalk this upon the door,
"We've enlisted for the War!"
Put it through!

For the birthrights yet unsold,
For the history yet untold,
For the future yet unrolled,
Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame,
On the father's dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's name,
Put it through!

Father Abraham, hear us cry,
"We can follow, we can die."
Lead your children then, and try.
Put it through!

Here's a work of God half done,
Here's the kingdom of his Son,
With its triumphs just begun:
Put it through!

Father Abraham, that man thrives
Who with every weapon strives;
Use our twenty million lives!
Put it through!

'Tis to you the trust is given!
'Tis by you the bolt is driven!
By the very God of Heaven,
Drive it through!

SOUTH-CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

AIR—*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

Down in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,
A ripping, tearing gentleman, of an uncommon kind,
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap, who takes his whiskey straight,
And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a clergyman of high standing has assured must be a sinner's fate.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

You trace his genealogy, and not far back you'll see,
A most undoubted octoroon, or mayhap a mustee,
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his brow,
You'll find that every other hair is varied with a kink that seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood, but on the contrary, betrays an admixture with a race not particularly popular now.
This South-Carolina Gentleman, one of the present time.

He always wears a full-dress coat, pre-Adamite
in cut,
With waistcoat of the loudest style, through
which his ruffles jut.
Six breastpins deck his horrid front, and on his
fingers shine
Whole invoices of diamond rings which would
hardly pass muster with the Original
Jacobs in Chatham street for jewels gen-
uine.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the pre-
sent time.

He chews tobacco by the pound, and spits upon
the floor,
If there is not a box of sand behind the near-
est door,
And when he takes his weekly spree he clears
a mighty track,
Of every thing that bears the shape of whiskey-
skin, gin and sugar, brandy sour, peach
and honey, irrepressible cock-tail rum,
and gum, and luscious apple-jack.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the pre-
sent time.

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an
awful hand,
Especially when those he tricks his style don't
understand,
And if he wins, why then he stoops to pocket
all the stakes,
But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate
stranger who had chanced to win: "It's
my opinion you are a cursed Abolitionist,
and if you don't leave South-Carolina in
one hour you will be hung like a dog."
But no offer to pay his loss he makes.
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the pre-
sent time

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who
credit give,
Yet manages upon the best the market yields
to live,
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to
heed,
This honorable gentleman instantly draws two
bowie-knives and a pistol, dons a blue
cockade, and declares that in conse-
quence of the repeated aggressions of
the North, and its gross violations of the
Constitution, he feels that it would ut-
terly degrade him to pay any debt what-
ever, and that in fact he has at last de-
termined to SECEDE.

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the pre-
sent time.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

You have put the children to bed, Alice—
Maud and Willie and Rose ;
They have lisped their sweet "Our Father,"
And sunk to their night's repose.

Did they think of me, dear Alice ?
Did they think of me, and say :
"God bless him, and God bless him !
Dear father, far away ?"

Oh ! my very heart grows sick, Alice,
I long so to behold
Rose, with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold ;
And Willie, so gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee ;
Oh, my heart *yearns* to enfold ye,
My "smiling group of three !"

I can bear the noisy day, Alice ;
The camp life, gay and wild,
Shuts from my yearning bosom
The thoughts of wife and child ;
But when the night is round me,
And under its strong beams
I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams !

I think of the pale young wife, Alice,
Who looked up in my face
When the drum beat at evening,
And called me to my place.
I think of the three sweet birdlings
Left in the dear home-nest,
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.

Oh ! when will the war be over, Alice !
Oh ! when shall I behold
Rose, with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold ;
And Will, so gay and sprightly.
So merry and full of glee,
And, more than all, the dear wife
Who bore my babes to me ?

God guard and keep you all, Alice ;
God guard and keep me, too ;
For if only one were missing,
What would the other do ?
Oh ! when will the war be over,
And when shall I behold
Those whom I love so dearly,
Safe in the dear home-fold ?

THE RESPONSE.

I HAVE put the children to bed, Harry—
Rose and Willie and Maud ;
They have sung their hymns together,
And whispered their prayer to God.
Then Rose said, gently smiling,
"Come, Willie and Maud, now say,
God bless the dear, sweet father—
Father so far away !"

And such a glad trust arose, Harry
In this sad heart of mine ;
For I felt that God would keep you
Safe in his hand divine.
And I kissed their pure, young foreheads,
And said "He is over all !"

He counteth the hair of your heads, darling,
And noteth the sparrow's fall."

Then I sung them to their sleep, Harry,
With hymns all trust and love,
And I knew that God was listening
From his gracious throne above.
And since that calm, sweet evening,
I have felt so happy, dear !
And so have the children, Harry ;
They seem to know no fear.

They talk of your coming home, Harry,
As something sure to be ;
I list to their childish pratings,
Nor care to check their glee.
For oh ! 'tis a cause so noble,
And you so brave and true ;
And God protects his own, Harry,
And surely will watch o'er you.

So keep up a brave good heart, Harry !
God willing—and he knows best—
We'll welcome you, safe and happy,
Back to the dear home-nest.
And Maud and Rose and Willie
Shall yet, with a moistened eye,
Give thanks to the dear, good Father,
While you stand tearful by.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

'Tis of a little drummer
The story I shall tell ;
Of how he marched to battle,
And all that there befell.
Out in the West with Lyon,
(For once the name was true,)
For whom the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too*.

II.

Our army rose at midnight,
Ten thousand men as one,
Each slinging on his knapsack,
And snatching up his gun :
"Forward !" and off they started,
As all good soldiers do,
When the little drummer beats for them
His *rat-tat-too*.

III.

Across a rolling country,
Where the mist began to rise ;
Past many a blackened farm-house,
Till the sun was in the skies :
Then we met the rebel pickets,
Who skirmished and withdrew,
While the little drummer beat and beat
The *rat-tat-too*.

IV.

Along the wooded hollows
The line of battle ran,

Our centre poured a volley,
And the fight at once began ;
For the rebels answered shouting,
And a shower of bullets flew ;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too*.

V.

He stood among his comrades,
As they quickly formed the line,
And when they raised their muskets
He watched the barrels shine !
When the volley rang, he started !
For war to him was new ;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too*.

VI.

It was a sight to see them
That early autumn day,
Our soldiers in their blue coats,
And the rebel ranks in gray :
The smoke that rolled between them,
The balls that whistled through,
And the little drummer as he beat
His *rat-tat-too* !

VII.

His comrades dropped around him—
By fives and tens they fell,
Some pierced by Minie bullets,
Some torn by shot and shell ;
They played against our cannon,
And a caisson's splinters flew ;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too* !

VIII.

The right, the left, the centre—
The fight was everywhere ;
They pushed us here—we wavered—
We drove and broke them there.
The gray-backs fixed their bayonets,
And charged the coats of blue ;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too* !

IX.

"Where is our little drummer ?"
His nearest comrades say,
When the dreadful fight is over,
And the smoke has cleared away.
As the rebel corps was scattering
He urged them to pursue,
So furiously he beat and beat
The *rat-tat-too* !

X.

He stood no more among them,
For a bullet as it sped,
Had glanced and struck his ankle,
And stretched him with the dead !
He crawled behind a cannon,
And pale and paler grew :
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too* !

XI.

They bore him to the surgeon,
 A busy man was he;
 "A drummer-boy—what ails him?"
 His comrades answered, "See!"
 As they took him from the stretcher,
 A heavy breath he drew,
 And his little fingers strove to beat
 The *rat-tat-too!*

XII.

The ball had spent its fury:
 "A scratch," the surgeon said,
 As he wound the snowy bandage
 Which the lint was staining red!
 "I must leave you now, old fellow."
 "Oh! take me back with you,
 For I know the men are missing me,
 And the *rat-tat-too!*"

XIII.

Upon his comrade's shoulder
 They lifted him so grand,
 With his dusty drum before him,
 And his drum-sticks in his hand!
 To the fiery front of battle;
 That nearer, nearer drew—
 And evermore he beat, and beat,
 His *rat-tat-too!*

XIV.

The wounded, as he passed them,
 Looked up and gave a cheer;
 And one in dying blessed him,
 Between a smile and tear!
 And the gray-backs—they are flying
 Before the coats of blue,
 For whom the little drummer beats
 His *rat-tat-too.*

XV.

When the west was red with sunset,
 The last pursuit was o'er;
 Brave Lyon rode the foremost,
 And looked the name he bore!
 And before him on his saddle,
 As a weary child would do,
 Sat the little drummer fast asleep,
 With his *rat-tat-too.*



FLAG-SONG OF THE MICHIGAN VOLUNTEERS.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

Adapted to the Anvil Chorus from Trovatore.

I.

TRUMPET, and ensign, and drum-beat are calling,
 From hill-side and valley, from mountain and
 river,
 "Forward the flag!" e'en though heroes are
 falling,
 Our God will his own chosen standard deliver

Chorus.

Star-Spangled Banner! our hopes to thee are
 clinging,
 Lead us to victory, or wrap us in death—
 To thee stanch are we, while yet a breath
 Remains to sing thee:
 Or arm to fling thee,
 O'er this fair land, wide and free.

II.

"Union and Freedom!" our war-cry is rolling,
 Now over the prairie, now wide o'er the
 billow,
 Hark, 'tis the battle, and soon will be tolling
 The knell of the soldier, who rests 'neath
 the willow.
 Star-Spangled Banner, etc.

III.

Banner triumphant! though grand is thy story,
 We'll stamp on thy folds, in this struggle to-
 day,
 Deeds of our armies, transcending in glory
 The bravest yet chanted in Poesy's lay.
 Star-Spangled Banner, etc.

IV.

Wise were our fathers, and brave in the battle,
 But treason upriseth their Union to sever,
 Rouse for the fight! shout aloud 'mid War's
 rattle,
 The Union must triumph, must triumph for
 ever!
 Star-Spangled Banner, etc.

V.

Trumpet, and ensign, and drum-beat are calling,
 From hill-side and valley, from mountain and
 river,
 "Forward the flag!" e'en though heroes are
 falling,
 Our God will his own chosen standard deliver.

Chorus.

Star-Spangled Banner! our hopes to thee are
 clinging,
 Lead us to victory, or wrap us in death.
 DETROIT, April 29, 1861.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' PATRIOTIC SONGS.

THE VARUNA.

SUNK APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH, 1862.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Who has not heard of the dauntless Varuna?
Who has not heard of the deeds she has
done?

Who shall not hear, while the brown Mississippi
Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
Sinking and burning she fought through the
fray,

Crushed were her sides and the waves ran across
her,

Ere, like a death-wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites, round her,
Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear;
One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
Shot, terror stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
Though we should offer the wealth of our
store,

Load the Varuna from deck down to keelson,
Still would be niggard, such tribute to pour
On courage so boundless. It beggars posses-
sion,

It knocks for just payment at heaven's bright
door!

Cherish the heroes who fought the Varuna;
Treat them as kings if they honor your way;
Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded;
Oh! for the dead, let us all kneel to pray.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY THOMAS WILLIAMS, OF ALLEGHANY, PENN.

AIR—*Irish Javvnting Car.*

BROTHERS of free descent were we, and native
to the soil,

Knit soul to soul, in one great whole, fruit of
our fathers' toil:

But when that bond of love was rent, the cry
rose near and far,

To arms! to arms! long live the stripes! we
know no "single star."

Chorus—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Union Flag,
hurrah!

Hurrah for the Union Flag, that
knows no "single star."

So long as Southern arrogance forbore to
touch that flag,

Full many a taunt we meekly bore, and many
an idle brag:

But when on Sumter's battlements, the traitors
did it mar,

We flung abroad that Union Flag, that ne'er
shall lose a star.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union flag,
hurrah!

Hurrah for the Union flag, that ne'er
shall lose a star.

And first the gallant Keystone State, from every
mountain-glen,

From hill and valley, lake and town, sent down
her stalwart men;

And all New-England rose amain, as blew the
trump of war,

And raised on high their fathers' flag that
knows no single star.

Hurrah! etc.

From Saratoga's tree-crowned heights, from
Monmouth's bloody plain,

The men of York and Jersey, too, both swelled
the mustering train,

As onward—onward—fierce it rushed o'er all
opposing bars,

To punish those who dared insult our glorious
Stripes and Stars.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union flag,
hurrah!

Hurrah for the Union flag, with all its
Stripes and Stars!

And next the hardy pioneers, the dauntless
and the brave,

From those domains by Freedom won, that
never knew a slave,

Their trusty rifles all in hand, with eye and port
like Mars,

Grasped once again with iron hand, the staff
that bears our stars!

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union
flag, hurrah!

Hurrah for the Union flag, that bears
our Stripes and Stars!

And from the bison's prairie-haunts, o'er Mis-
sissippi's flood,

From Minnehaha's sparkling falls, from Kan-
sas' land of blood,

New-England's youngest scions there have
heard the din of wars,
And grasped their fathers' ancient brand, and
reared their stripes and stars,
And belted on their fathers' brand and reared
their fathers' stars.
Hurrah! etc.

And farther still, where sunset-seas bathe Cali-
fornia's shore,
And grim Sierras darkly frown its golden treas-
ures o'er,
Our Western Twins have heard the call, and an-
swered from afar,
We come! we come! Rear high the flag, that
knows no single star.
Hurrah! etc.

Missouri, too, her garments red, and little Dela-
ware,
With heart as big as when of old she bore a
lion's share,
Have burst the chain which cramps the soul,
and all that's noble mars,
And wheeled in line, come weal or woe, be-
neath the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! etc.

And "Maryland, *our* Maryland," though called
with "life and drum,"
And "old-line bugle," too, to fight against the
"Northern scum,"
Has thought of Camden's, bloody field and
Eutaw's iron scars,
And lo! she stands, where erst she stood, be-
neath the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! etc.

Would we could say the same of thee, thou
dark and bloody ground!
Whose sexless sages, false of heart, a way of
peace have found!
Shame on you! No half faith would we! Up,
gird ye for the wars,
And take your place as *men* once more, beneath
the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! etc.

From thy Medusa glance we turn, with hearts
of cheer and pride,
To West-Virginia, virgin rib, torn from false
mother's side.
Daughter of strife! Fair Freedom's child!
Thy mountains ring afar,
With echoing shouts for that best flag that
counts another star.
Hurrah! etc.

And more 'twill count, no Pleiad lost, of all
that shining host,
Though dim eclipse have veiled their fires, and
traitors loudly boast;
But one by one those wand'ring lights shall gem
our heavens, like Mars,
And all the nations bless our stripes and
coronet of stars!
Hurrah! etc.

No other flag shall ever float above our homes
or graves,
Save yonder blazing *oriflamme*, that flutters
o'er our braves;

Its rainbow-stripes, our Northern lights—with
no sinister bars;
Our ancient flag! our fathers' flag; our glori-
ous Stripes and Stars!
Hurrah! etc.

Then bear that banner proudly up, young war-
riors of our land,
With hearts of love, and arms of faith, and more
than iron hand!
Down with the Northern renegade! and join
our gallant tars,
In rearing high, in victory, our deathless Stripes
and Stars!
Hurrah! etc.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

GREAT God! to whom our nation's woes,
Our dire distress, our angry foes,
In all their awful gloom are known,
We bow to thee and thee alone.

We pray thee mitigate the strife,
Attended by such waste of life,
Such wounds and anguish, groans and tears,
That fill our inmost hearts with fears.

Oh! darkly now the tempest rolls,
Wide o'er our desolated souls;
Yet, beaten downward to the dust,
In thy forgiveness still we trust.

We trust to thy protecting power
In this, our country's saddest hour,
And pray that thou wilt spread thy shield
Above us in the camp and field.

O God of battles! let thy might
Protect our armies in the fight—
Till they shall win the victory,
And set the hapless bondmen free.

Till, guided by thy glorious hand,
Those armies reunite the land,
And North and South alike shall raise
To God their peaceful hymns of praise.

A BATTLE HYMN.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

God, to thee we humbly bow,
With hand unarmed and naked brow;
Musket, lance, and sheathed sword
At thy feet we lay, O Lord!
Gone is all the soldier's boast
In the valor of the host:
Kneeling here, we do our most.

Of ourselves we nothing know:
Thou, and thou alone canst show,
By the favor of thy hand,
Who has drawn the guilty brand.
If our foemen have the right,
Show thy judgment in our sight
Through the fortunes of the fight!

If our cause be pure and just,
Nerve our courage with thy trust :
Scatter, in thy bitter wrath,
All who cross the nation's path :
May the baffled traitors fly,
As the vapors from the sky
When thy raging winds are high !

God of mercy, some must fall
In thy holy cause. Not all
Hope to sing the victor's lay
When the sword is laid away.
Brief will be the prayers then said ;
Falling at thy altar dead,
Take the sacrifice, instead.

Now, O God ! once more we rise,
Marching on beneath thy eyes ;
And we draw the sacred sword
In thy name and at thy word.
May our spirits clearly see
Thee, through all that is to be,
In defeat or victory.

PARTING HYMN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Am—Dundee.

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,
We seek thy gracious throne ;
To thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known !

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
From every plague that harms ;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men-at-arms !

Though from our darkened lives they take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
Their wounds our breast will share ;
Oh ! save us from the woes we dread,
Or grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause, that brings
The stern destroyer, cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
Stretch forth thy mighty hand—
Reign thou our kingless nation's Lord,
Rule thou our throneless land !

HYMN OF THE CONNECTICUT TWELFTH.

TUNE—America.

Be Thou our country's Chief,
In this our year of grief,
All Father great ;
Go forth with awful tread,
Crush Treason's serpent head,
Bring back our sons misled,
And save our State.

Uphold our Stripes and Stars
Through war's destroying jars
With thy right hand ;
O God of battles ! lead
Where our swift squadrons speed,
Where our brave brothers bleed
For Fatherland.

Break every yoke and chain,
Let truth and justice reign
From deep to deep :
Make all our statues right
In thy most holy sight ;
Light us, O Lord of Light,
Thy ways to keep.

God bless our Fatherland,
God make it strong and grand
On sea and shore ;
Ages its glory swell,
Peace in its borders dwell,
God stand its sentinel
For evermore.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred
circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps ;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

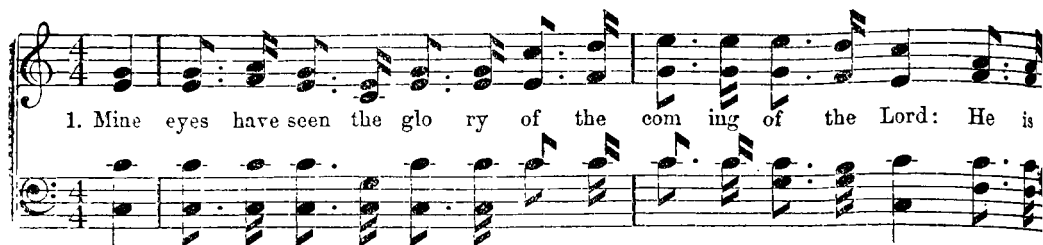
I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel ;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment-seat ;
Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubi-
lant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

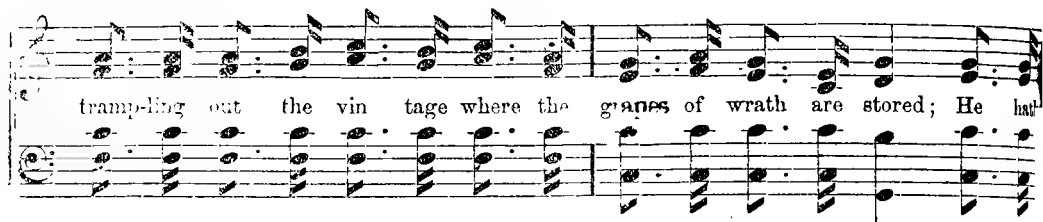
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REFORMERS.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo ry of the com ing of the Lord: He is



tramp-ling out the vin tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hat



loosed the fate- ful light-ning of his ter ri- ble swift sword: His truth is march- ing,



CHORUS.

on. Glo ry, glo ry, hal le lu jah! Glo ry, glo - ry, hal le



lu jah! Glo ry, glo ry, hal le lu jah! His truth is march- ing on!

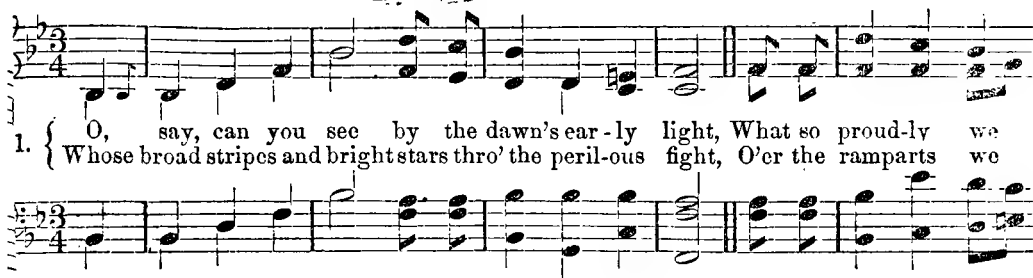
I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows
of steel:
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Let the hero, born of women, crush the serpent
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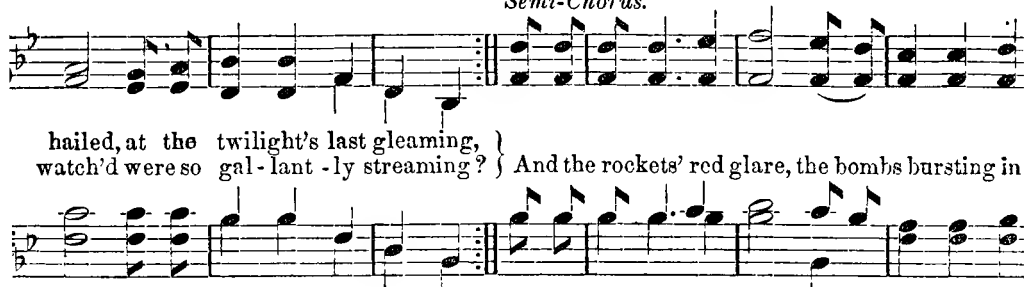
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was b
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigured
and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
men free,
While God is marching on.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



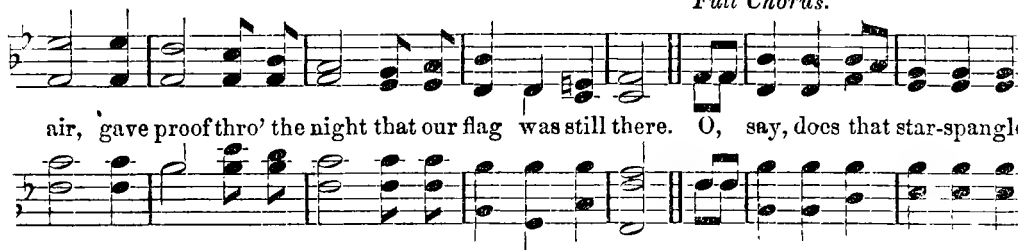
1. { O, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the peril-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we

Semi-Chorus.



hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming, }
watch'd were so gal-lant-ly streaming? } And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in

Full Chorus.



air, 'gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O, say, does that star-spangl



ban-ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

he shore, dimly seen through the mist of
the deep,
here the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
t is that which the breeze o'er the towering
steep,
it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
ll glory reflected now shines on the stream—
the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it
wave
er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave.

where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
at the havoc of war, and the battle's confu-
sion,
ome and a country should leave us no more?
eir blood has washed out their foul foot-
steps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave.
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of t'
grave.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph do
wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of t
brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's c
solation!

Blessed with victory and peace, may the heave
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserv
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is ju
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust
And the star-spangled banner in triumph sh
wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of t
brave

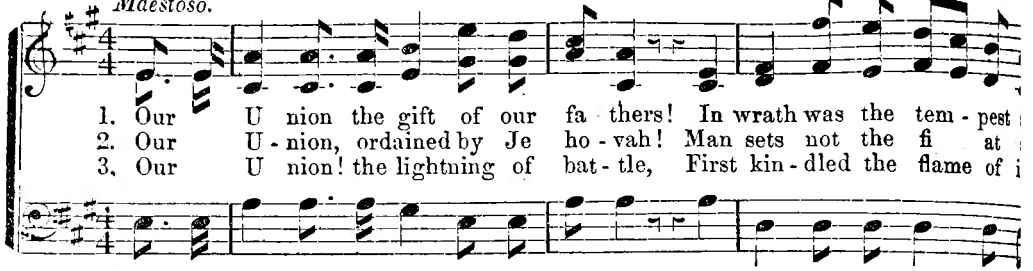
OUR

Written for the great Sumter Mass Meeting, at Union Square, April 11th, 1863.

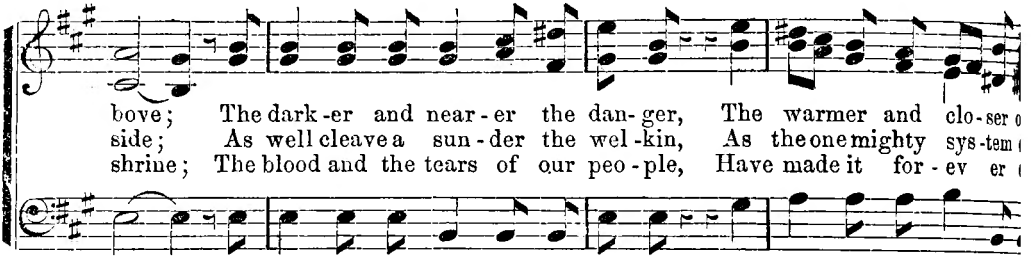
BY ALFRED B. STREET.

AIR—Red, White and Blue

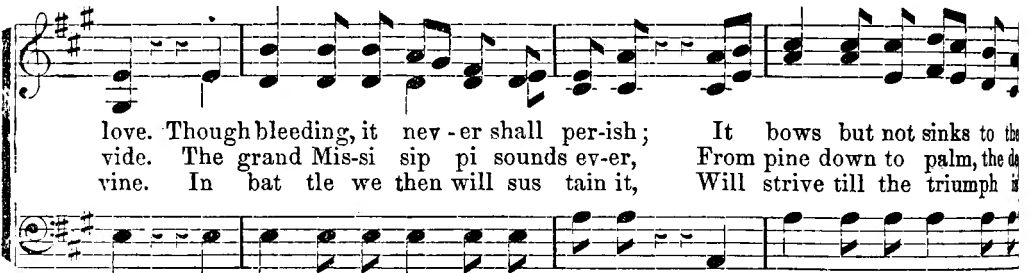
Maestoso.



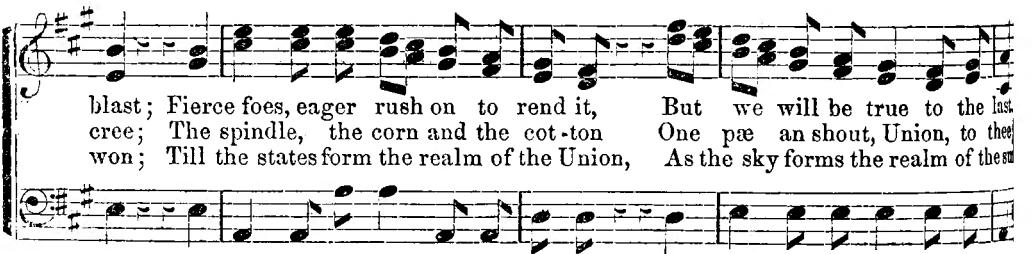
1. Our U nion the gift of our fa - thers! In wrath was the tem - pest
 2. Our U - nion, ordained by Je ho - vah! Man sets not the fi at
 3. Our U nion! the lightning of bat - tle, First kin - dled the flame of i



bove; The dark - er and near - er the dan - ger, The warmer and clo - ser o
 side; As well cleave a sun - der the wel - kin, As the on e might y sys - tem
 shrine; The blood and the tears of our peo - ple, Have made it for - ev er



love. Though bleed ing, it nev - er shall per - ish; It bows but not sinks to the
 vide. The grand Mis - si sip pi sounds ev - er, From pine down to palm, the de
 vine. In bat tle we then will sus tain it, Will strive till the triumph is



blast; Fierce foes, eager rush on to rend it, But we will be true to the last
 cree; The spindle, the corn and the cot - ton One pa e an shout, Union, to the
 won; Till the states form the realm of the Union, As the sky forms the realm of the sun

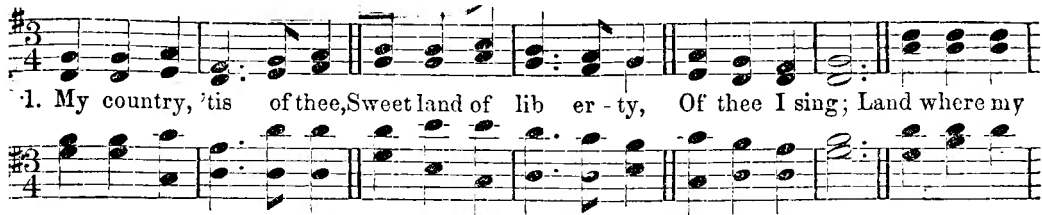
CHORUS.



Then hail to our U - nion of pride! Stand guard till the tempest is past! W



all, in de - fence of the U - nion, Will ral ly and fight to the last.



My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe, partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

GOD SAVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

BY JAMES WALDEN.

God save our native land
From the invader's hand—
Home of the free!
Though ruthless traitors aim
To crush our nation's fame,
Yet still in Freedom's name,
We cling to thee!

O Lord! we humbly pray,
Far distant be the day
Ere that shall be;
Though lawless bands combine
To shatter Freedom's shrine
With faith and hope divine
We cling to thee!

O Lord! when hand to hand,
Brothers as foes shall stand,
Shield thou the right!
Stay these unhappy wars,
Join us in our great cause,
To guard our nation's laws,
With freemen's might!

Lord! may this strife soon cease;
Grant us a lasting peace—
Parted we fall!
Long may our banner wave
Over the free and brave—
O Lord! our country save—
God save us all!

GOD PROTECT US.

BY GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

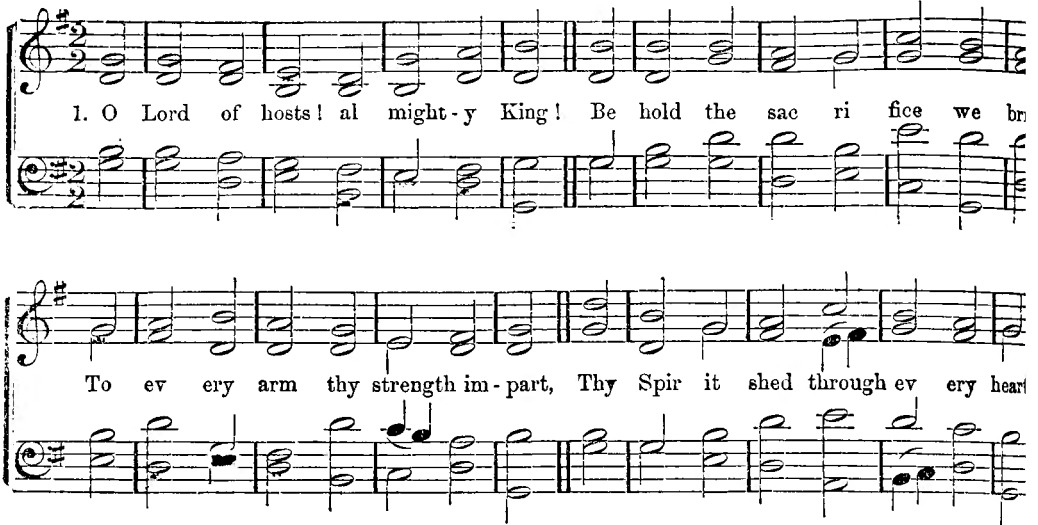
O LORD! we humbly pray,
Thy blessing here to-day
On us may fall;
Grant us our earnest prayer,
Shield those who need our care,
Let them thy blessings share—
God save us all!

O Lord! we'd lead the van,
E'er in behalf of man,
When held in thrall;
Be with us in the fight,
Now in the cause of right;
Cursed be the slaver's might—
God save us all!

O Lord! we fain would pray,
Thy grace for ever may
Direct this war;
And where our flag's unfurled,
Be Freedom's gauntlet hurled,
Bid Justice rule the world
For evermore.

ARMY

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



ARMY HYMN.

O Lord of hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her, is serving thee.

Be thou a pillared flame, to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

THE SOLDIER'S HYMN.

O God of our fathers, on the earth,
Girt for the fight, thy servants stand;
O bless us ere the trumpet sound,
With strength from thy almighty hand

The cloud of war comes from the South;
The battle-storm bursts o'er our heads;
Our starry flag a rainbow bright,
A glory round our pathway sheds.

Our fathers' spirits watch that flag
They left to us without a stain;
We take their motto in our hearts—
"To die for liberty is gain."

And when victorious we return,
Oh! may those folds be pure and free
As when our father Washington
Gave us our flag and liberty.

Thou God of battles, hear our prayer!
From western plains to eastern coasts,
Strong in thy blessing forth we march—
Our trust is in the Lord of hosts.

